

BUGS BUNNY

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QUICK LUNCHERS



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WHAT PORKY NEEDS IS A LITTLE CREATIVE THINKING IN HIS ADVERTISING! THIS SHOULD BRING IN THE CUSTOMERS...

PEOPLE LIKE SNAPPY SERVICE!

YOUR LUNCH
FREE!
IF WE DON'T
SERVE YOU IN
ONE
MINUTE!

SERGEANT, WHEN IS THE CONVOY GOING TO STOP FOR LUNCH?

WE CAN'T STOP, SIR! WE HAVE TO BE AT FORT GRUDGE IN THREE HOURS, AND THAT'S OVER A HUNDRED MILES AWAY!

BY JINGO, I'VE NEVER MADE MY TROOPS GO HUNGRY! WE MUST FIND A WAY TO GET SOME FOOD WITHOUT LOSING TOO MUCH TIME!

PULL IN HERE, SERGEANT!

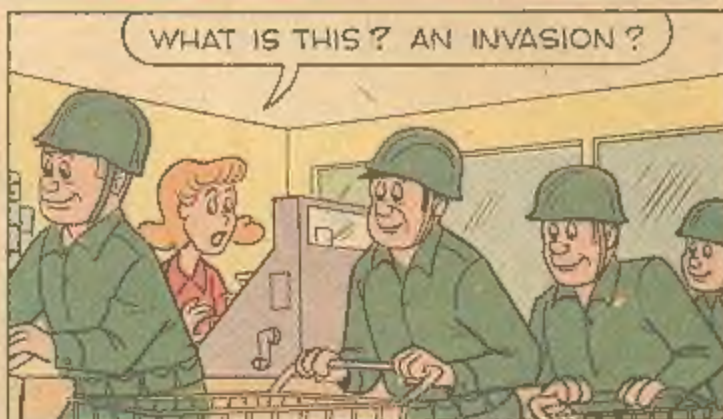
YOUR LUNCH
FREE!
IF WE DON'T
SERVE YOU IN
ONE
MINUTE!

DING!
DING!

AH! A CUSTOMER PULLED IN WHILE I WAS DOSING!

GIVE YOUR ORDER, PLEASE! THEN DRIVE AROUND TO THE OTHER SIDE!











Bugs Bunny

HOW'S THAT AGAIN?



ELMER DOES...

THANKS, FUDDSY! LET ME KNOW IF YOU HAVE ANY MORE CHORES TO DO!

(ULP!) I-I WILL!

MAYBE I SHOULDN'T HAVE JOKED ABOUT THIS! BUGS IS OBVIOUSLY SICK, OR HE'S FLIPPED HIS WHISKERS!

I THINK I'LL CALL PORKY AND ASK HIM IF HE'S NOTICED BUGS ACTING STWANGE!

PORKY? HAVE YOU SEEN BUGS LATELY?

I SURE HAVE! HE'S OVER HERE NOW ...MOWING MY LAWN!

I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE THE DAY! HE'S DOING CHORES TO EARN MONEY!

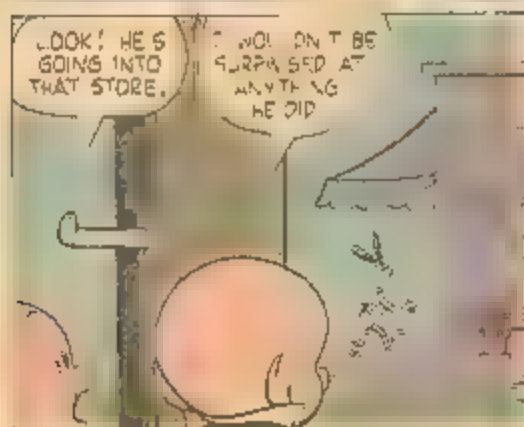
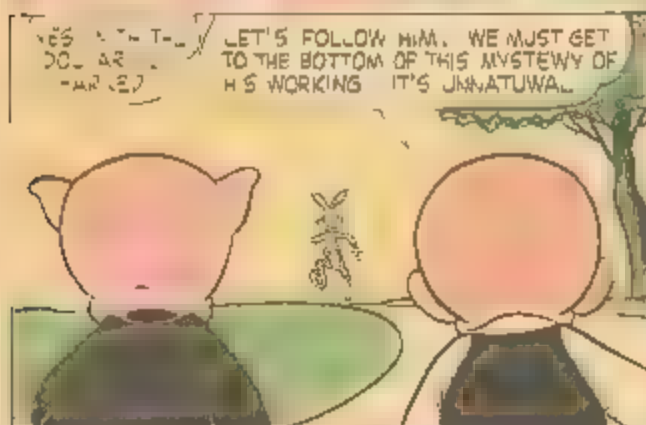
I HAVE TO TAKE ANOTHER LOOK TO MAKE SURE I'M NOT DREAMING!

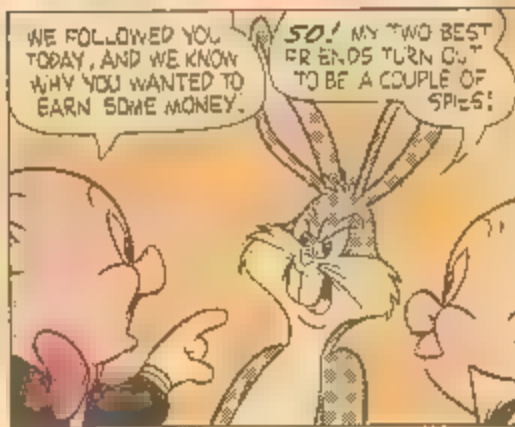
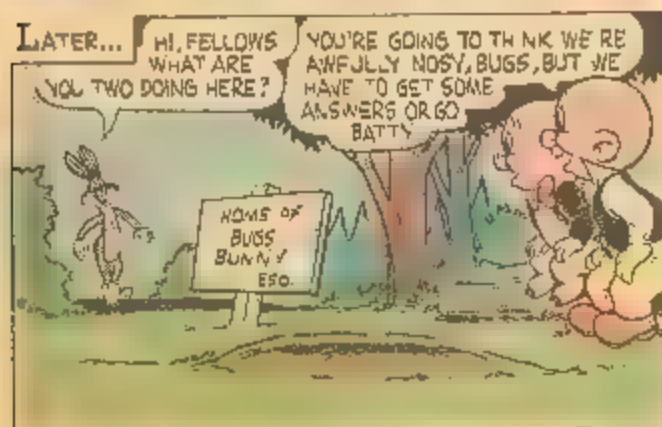
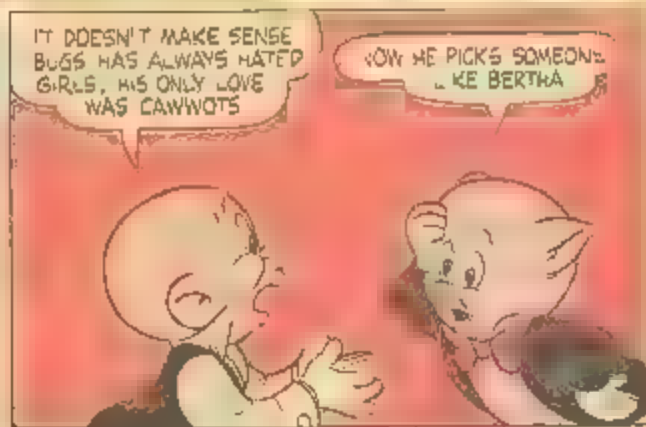
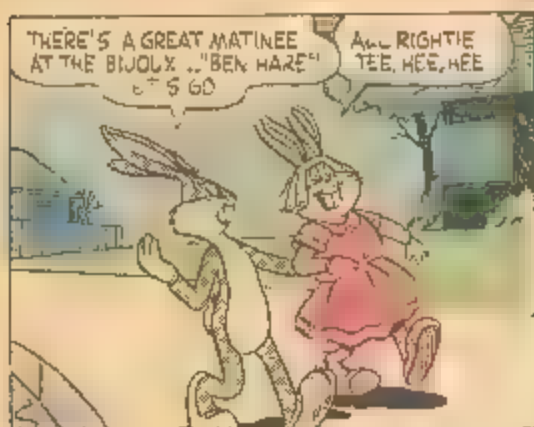
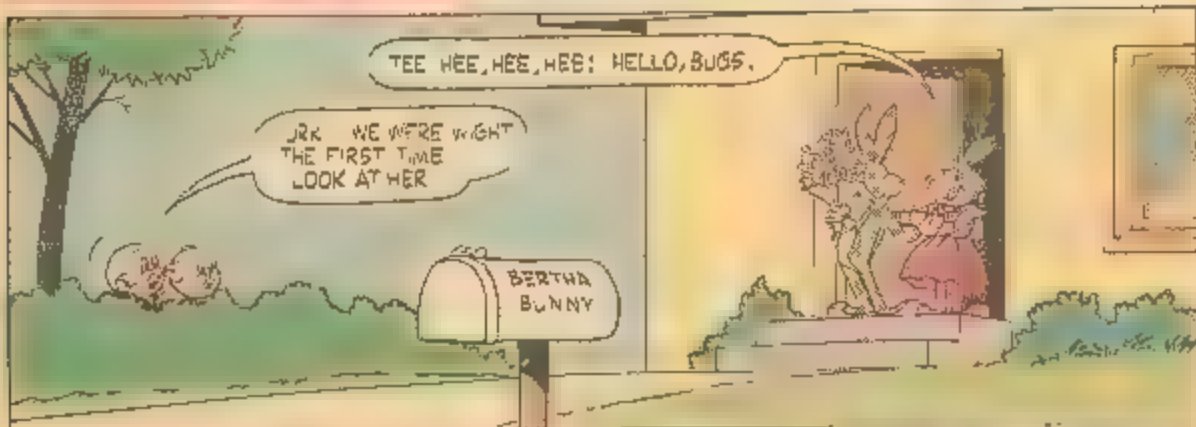
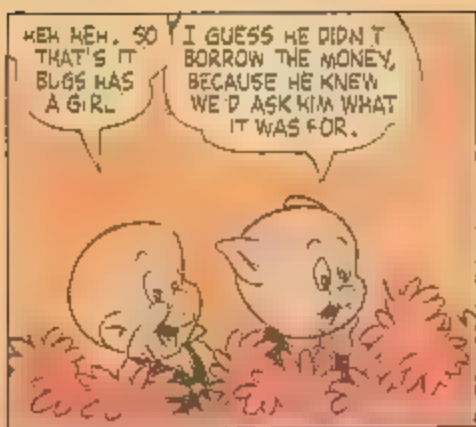
KEEP HIM THERE! I'LL BE WIGHT OVER!

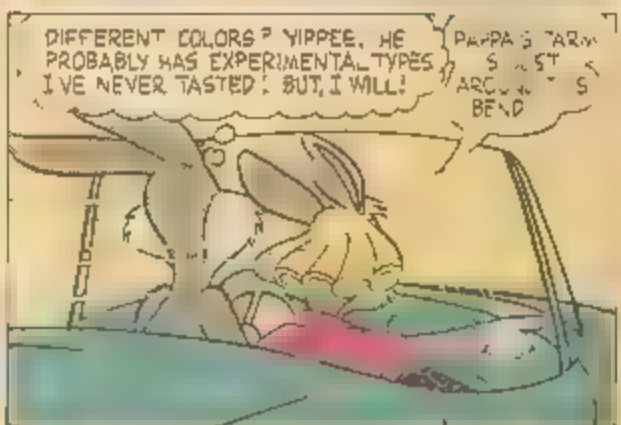
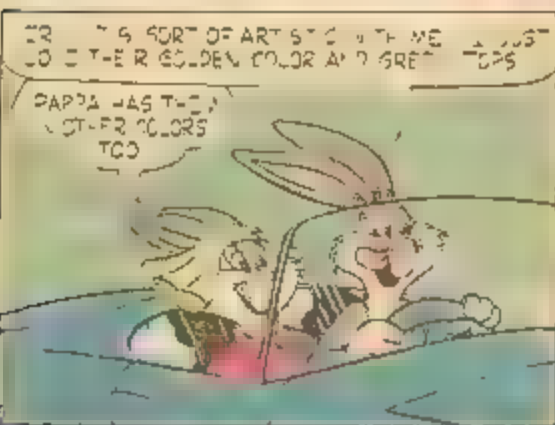
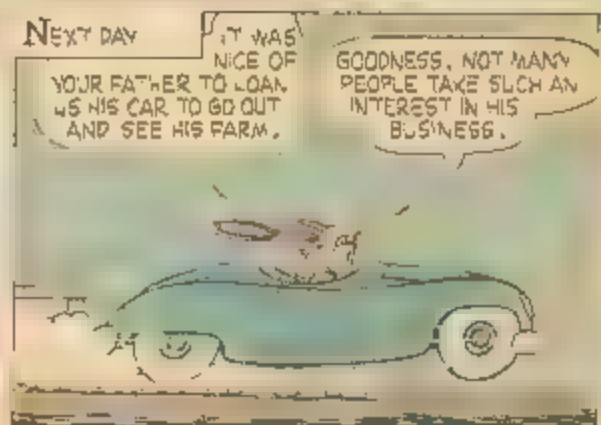
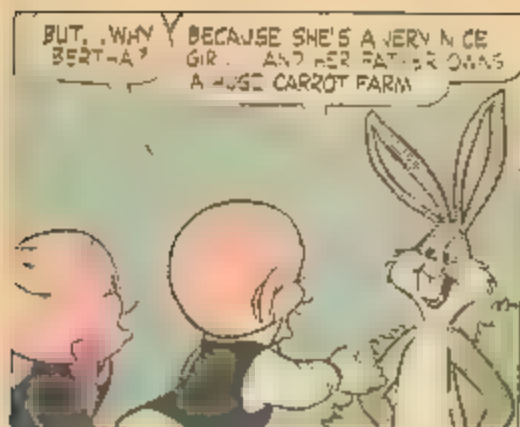
BUT, BEFORE ELMER ARRIVES...

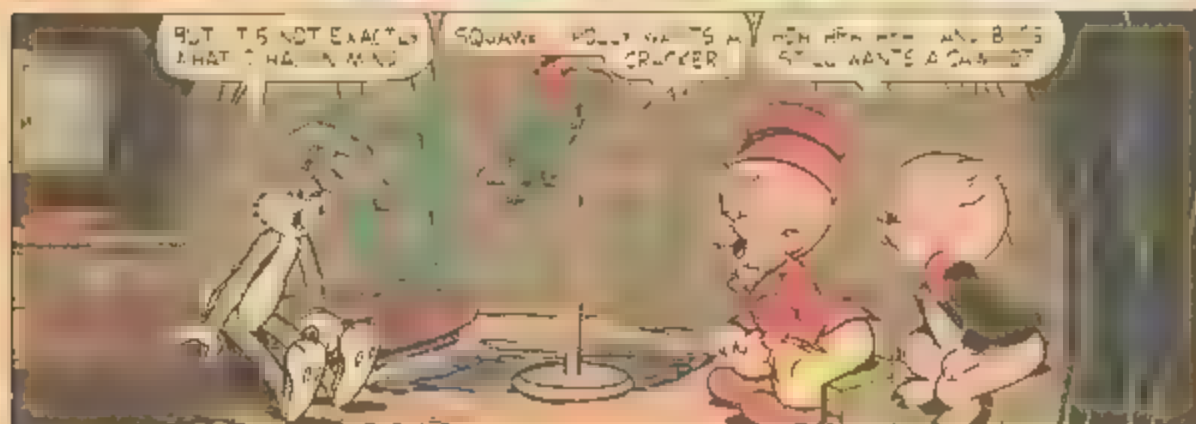
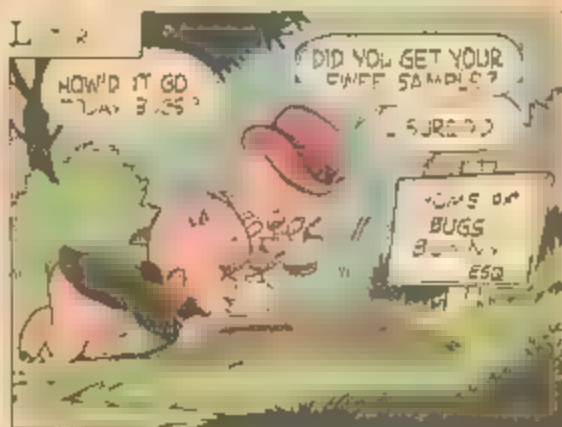
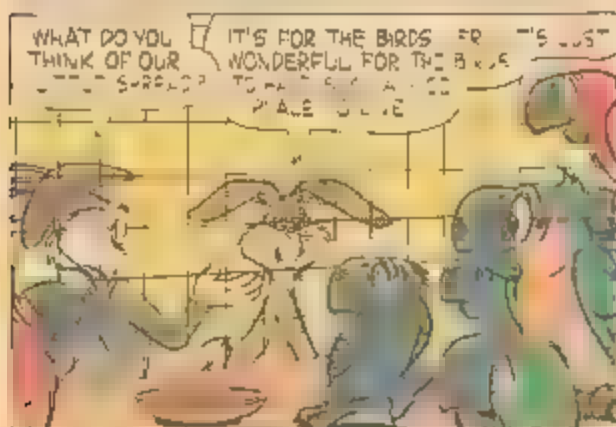
YOU DID A GOOD JOB! HERE'S THE MONEY, BUGS! BUT, WILL YOU DO ME ONE FAVOR?

SURE THING, PAL!









THE SUPERDUPER CHICKEN SCOOPER



"There!" said Henery Hawk as he pounded the last nail into a strange-looking contraption. "If that doesn't fool Foghorn Leghorn, I'll eat my hat."

"You don't wear a hat," said Ollie Owl, looking up. "And what in the world is that?"

Henery stood back proudly, so Ollie could get a better view. "This is the greatest invention of my life," he proclaimed. "This is a genuine superduper chicken scooper."

Ollie peered at it curiously. "It looks more like an old orange crate with wheels," he said. "What's it supposed to do?"

"It's a foolproof chicken getter," replied Henery. "This gadget on top throws out grain and when the hens stop to eat the grain, I scoop them up through this big hole. Zoom! They're trapped like hens in a pen!"

"I hope you know what you're doing," Ollie cautioned. "That Foghorn's a smart bird."

"Not as smart as I am," bragged Henery as he climbed into the machine. "I have a secret hiding place inside, and Foghorn will never suspect it's me coming into the chicken yard. Once I make my haul, I'll turn around and... whoosh! I'll be out of there before he knows what's happened!"

Before Ollie could say another word, Henery gave his machine a push, and he was on his way.

Foghorn Leghorn was taking his afternoon nap when he heard the machine roll into the chicken yard. He looked up casually, then stopped and looked again. "Good grief, a monster!" screeched Foghorn. "Stay behind me, girls, till I find out if it's friend or foe."

Heh, heh!" cackled Henery. "I've got him confused. Now I'll throw out the grain and..." But Henery didn't finish his thought, for the machine hit a rock and threw him off his seat.

Then it started to roll full speed forward.

"Aha!" shouted Foghorn. "A foe, just as I suspected." The machine hit another rock and some of the grain fell out. "Don't try to bribe me," cried Foghorn indignantly. "I'm wise to your tricks. Stand still and fight!"

But Henery didn't have much choice, for the machine was careening crazily around the yard. "Oh, no!" groaned Henery as he peered out between the slats and saw it rolling uncontrollably towards the water trough. As it hit the trough, it skidded completely around and headed out of the yard faster than it had come in. Henery could hear Foghorn shouting as it rolled down the hill.

"Don't ever darken my chicken yard again, you cowardly monster who runs at the first sign of battle!"

But that was all. Henery heard, for his machine hit a tree and smashed into smithereens.

Later that afternoon, as Henery limped past the chicken yard on his way home, he heard the hens singing, "For Foghorn's a jolly good fellow." And they were fussing and clucking over him and proclaiming him a hero.

"Fine thing," Henery snorted. "I build the best superduper chicken scooper in the world, and what good does it do me? I get scooped by my own worst enemy."

"Heroes are made, not born," said Ollie, coming up beside his friend. "And in this case, I think you helped to make one. What happened, anyway?"

"I forgot one small thing on my invention," Henery said sadly.

"What was that?" inquired Ollie.

Henery looked around, then leaned over and whispered sheepishly in Ollie's ear.

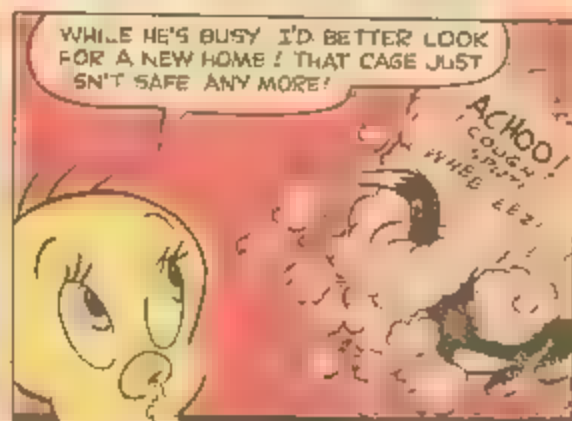
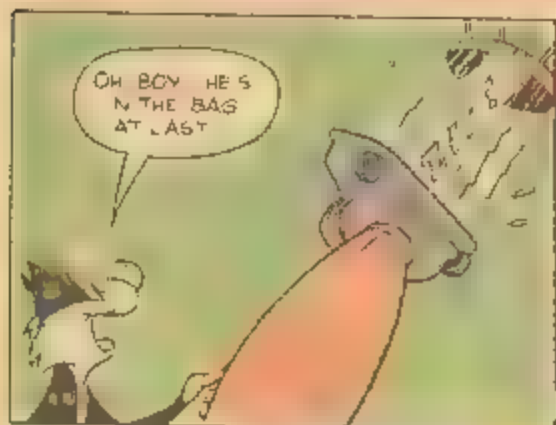
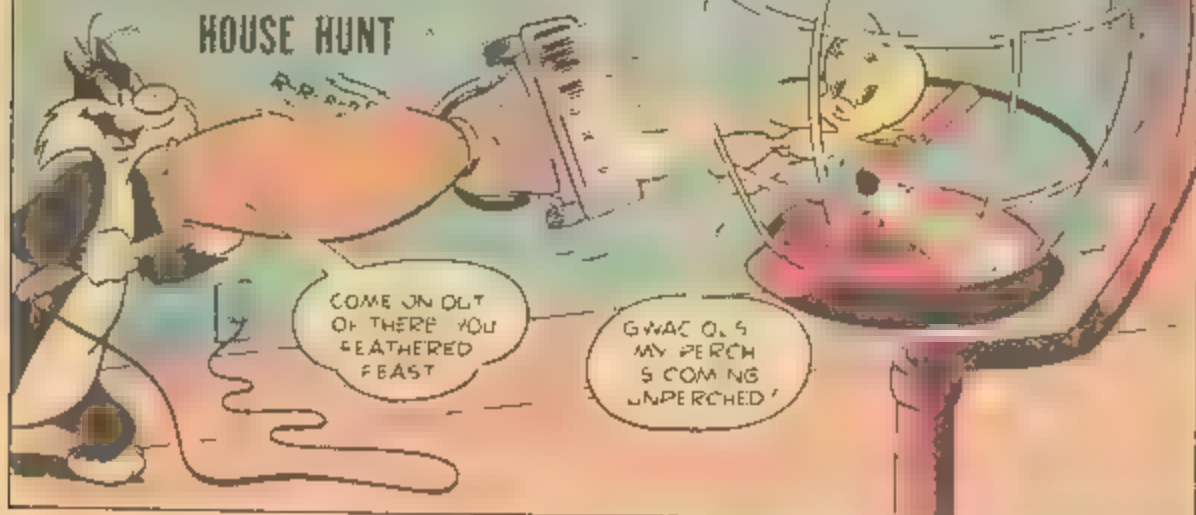
"The brakes..."

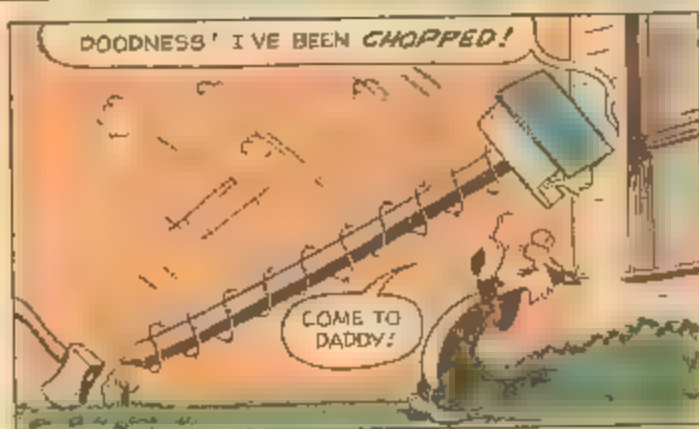
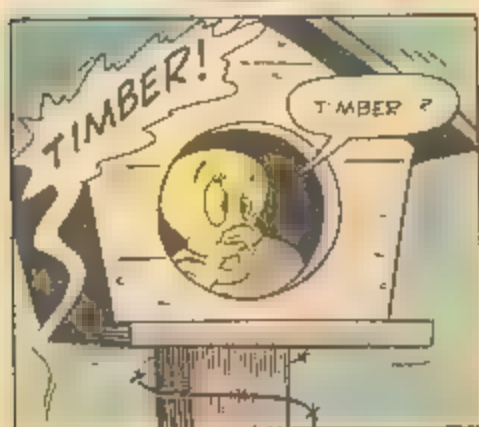
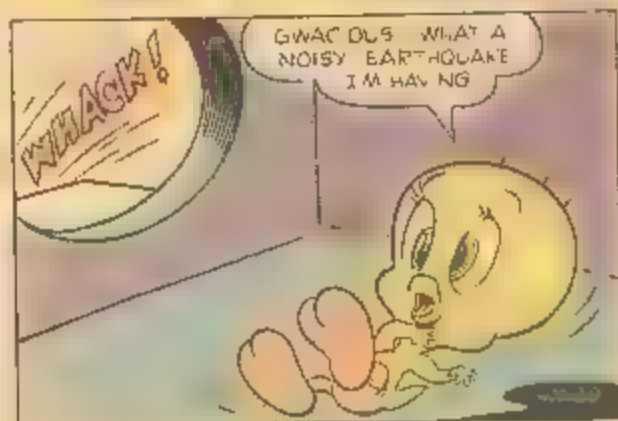
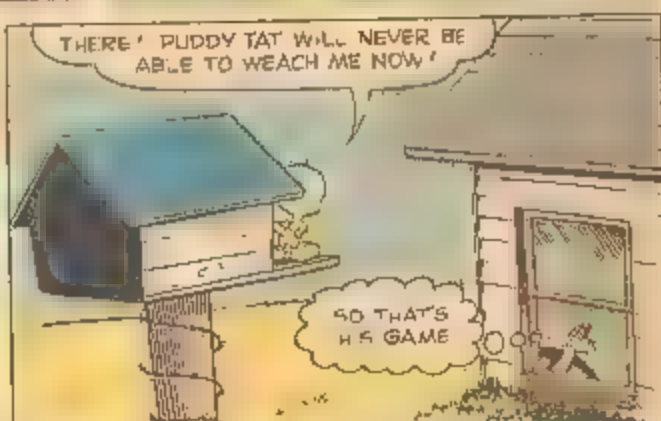
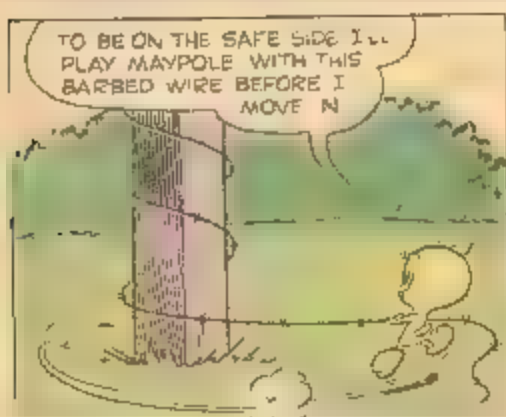
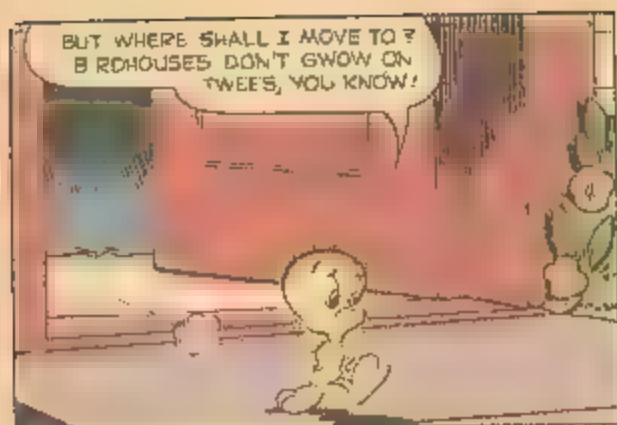
"Well," shrugged Ollie, "that's the breaks!"

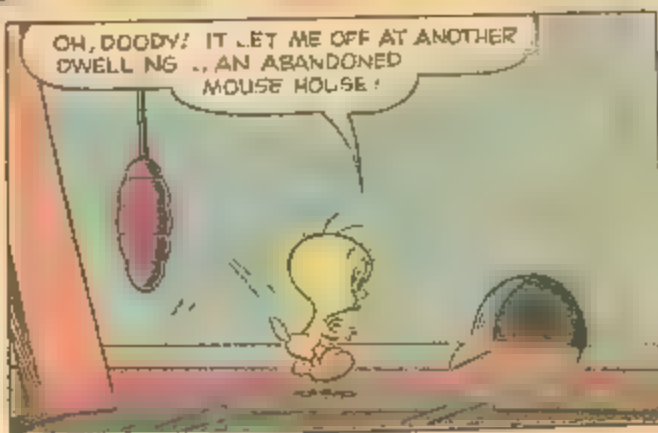
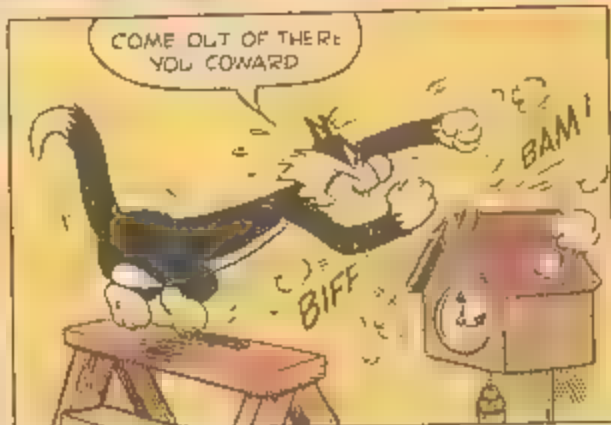
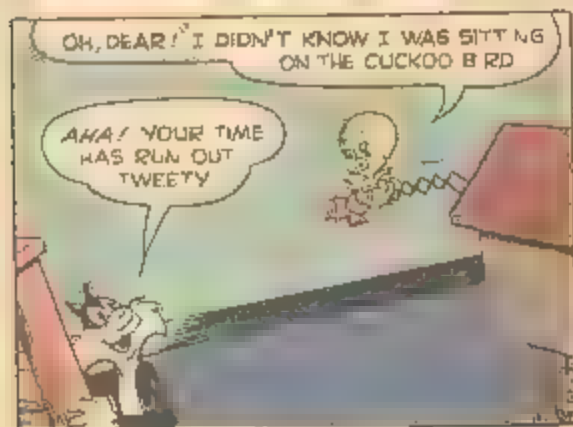
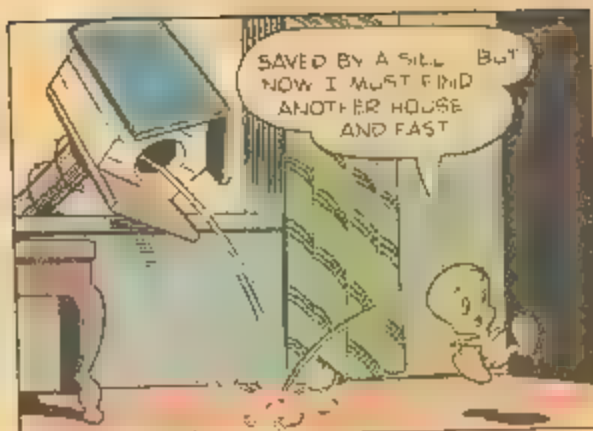
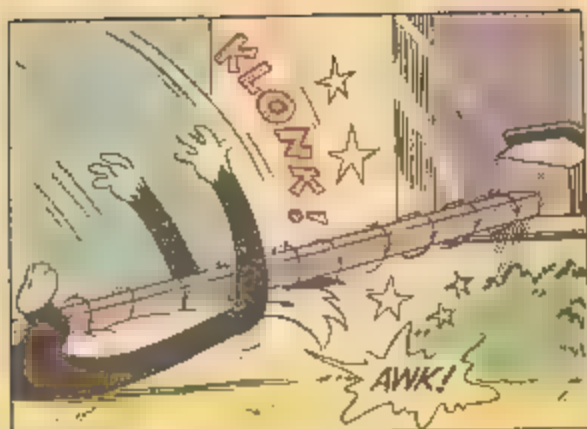
Tweety

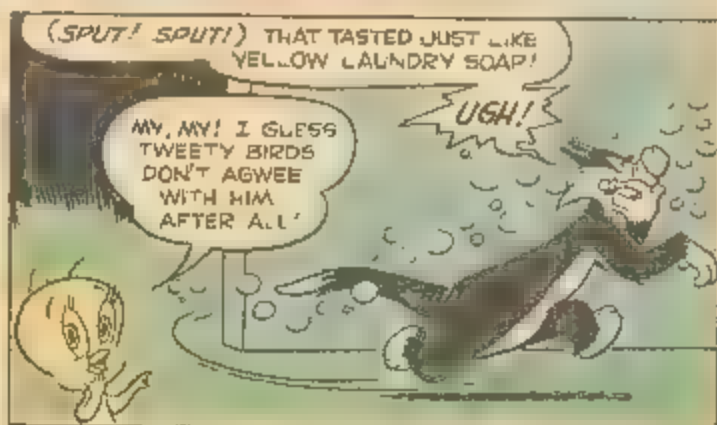
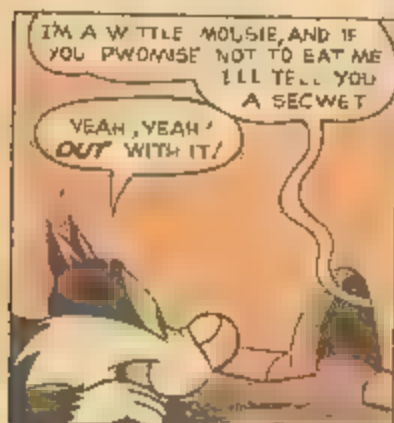
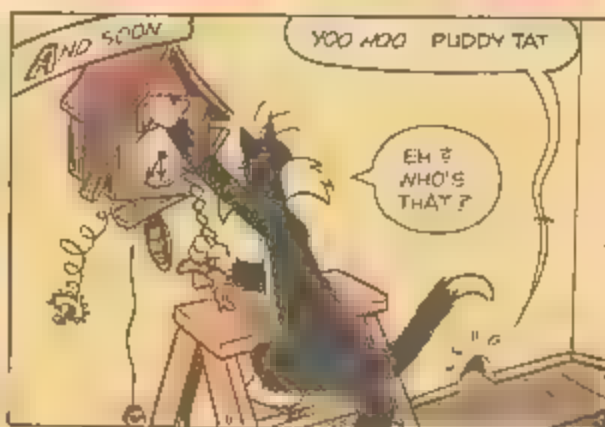
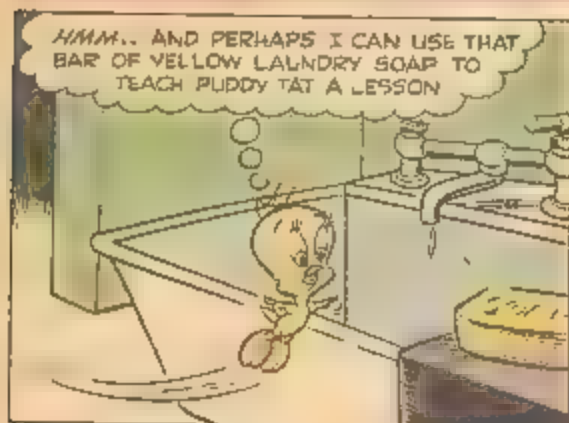
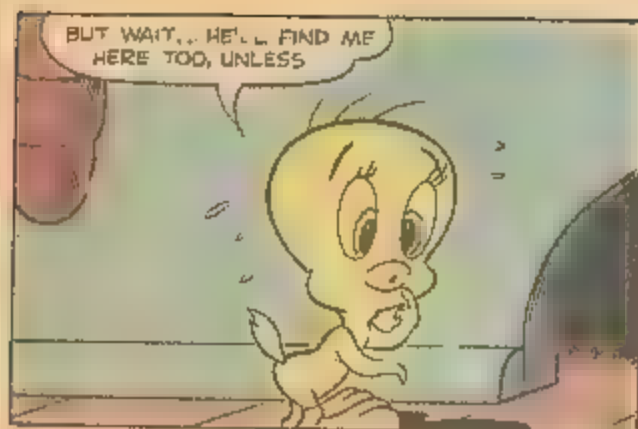
and
SYLVESTER

HOUSE HUNT



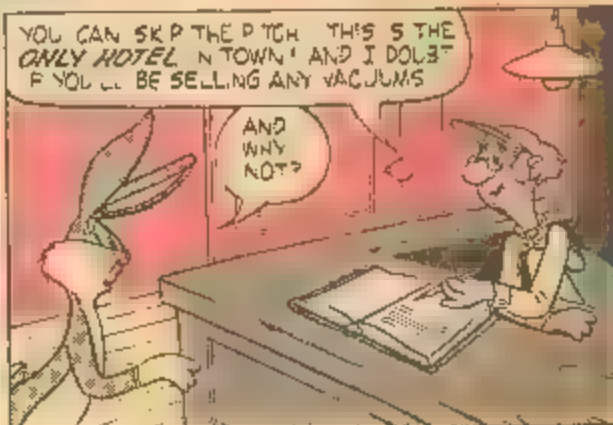
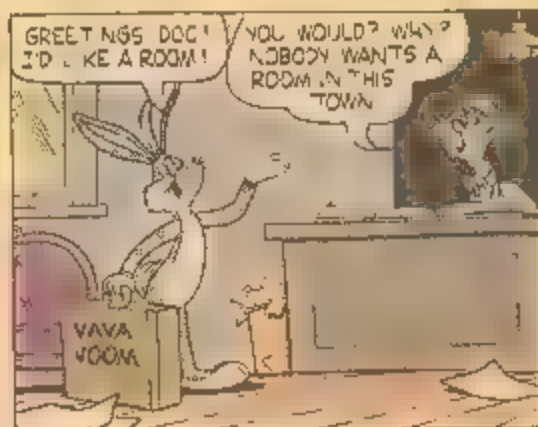
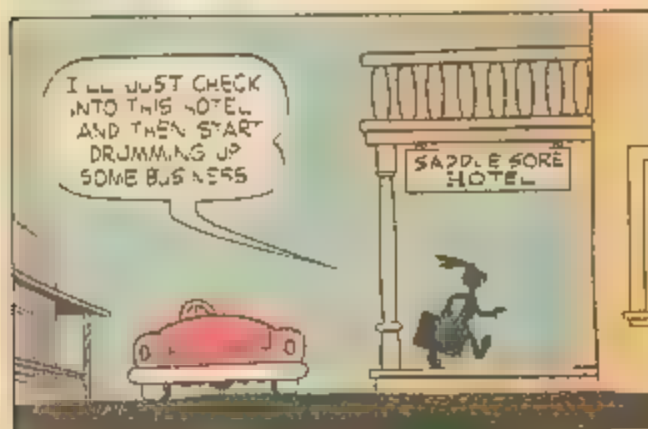
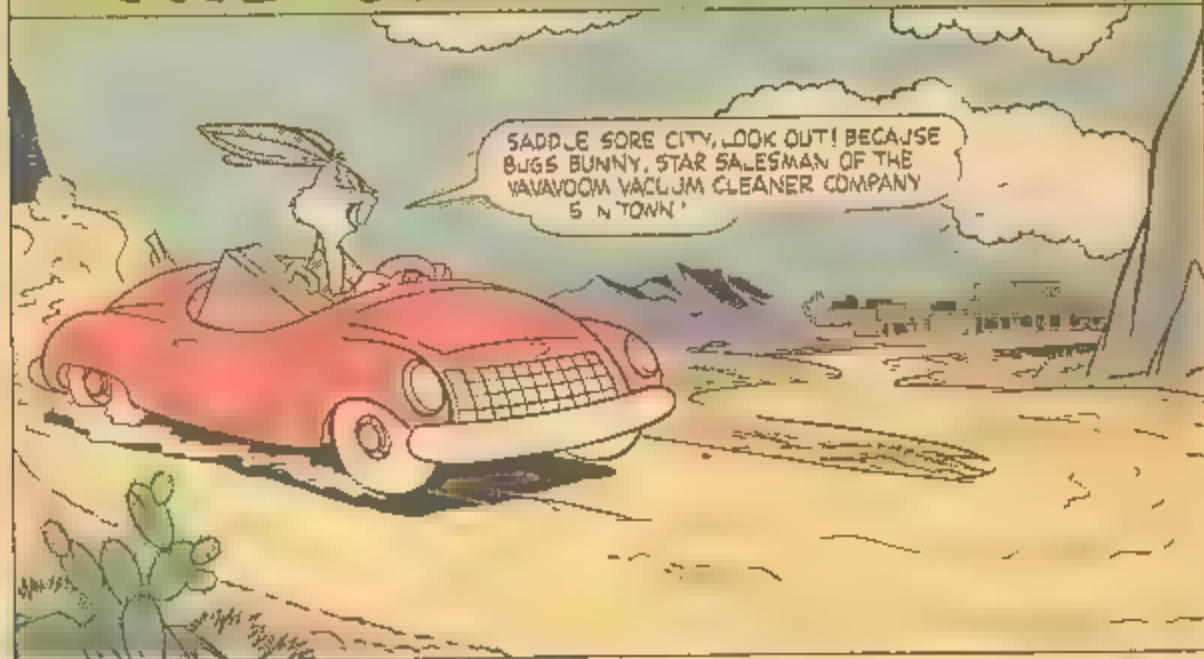


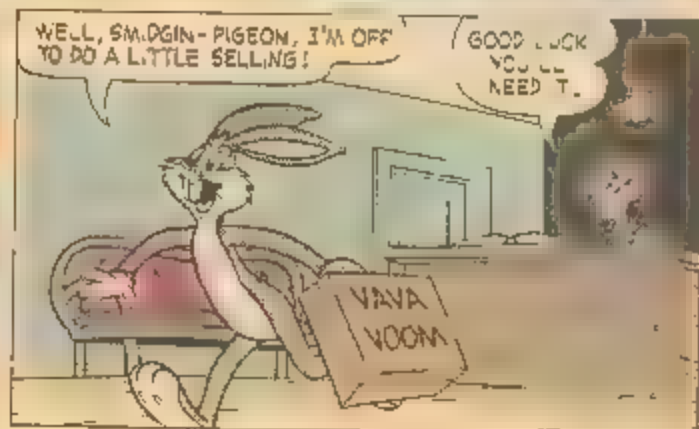
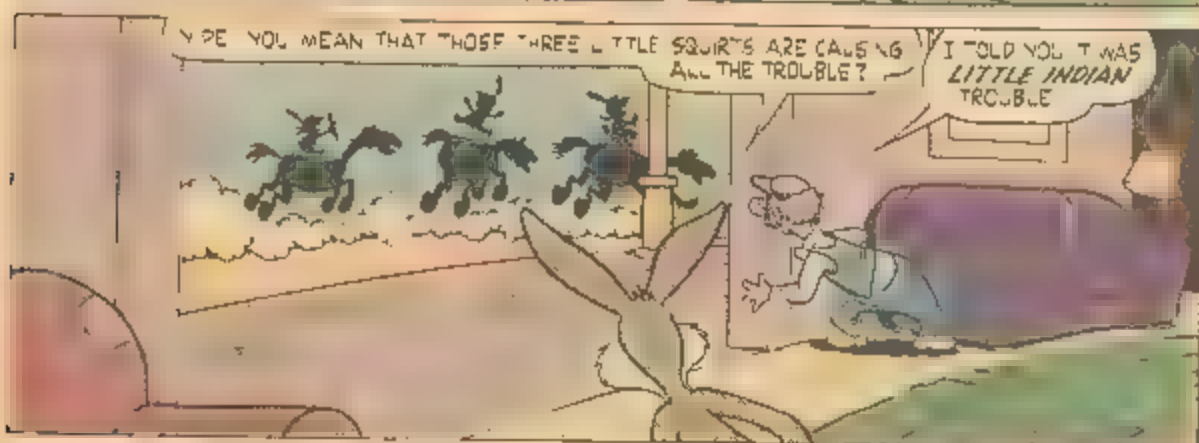




Bugs Bunny

THE SMIDGIN INJUNS





SHORTLY

GREETINGS MAAM WOULD YOU BE INTERESTED IN A VACUUM CLEANER?

VACUUM CLEANER?

THE ONLY THING I'M INTERESTED IN IS GETTING CLEAN OUT OF OWN. CAN'T GET A NIGHT'S SLEEP WITH THOSE SMUGN INJUNS ON THE WARPATH.

THAT'S THE TWENTY-EIGHTH DOOR SLAMMED IN MY FACE TODAY! THOSE INDIANS ARE RUINING MY SALES RECORD

SLAM!

I'M HEADING FOR THE RESERVATION TO HAVE A LITTLE POWWOW WITH THOSE BUNS. THEY'RE GOING TO WALK OWN SCARED

THEY EVEN SCARED THE SHERFF OFF THE TOWN. PEOPLE SAY EACH ONE IS AS TOUGH AS A BUN. BUT BECAUSE OF THEIR SIZE!

SAY SONNY COULD YOU TELL ME WHERE I CAN FIND THE SMUGN KILL BROTHERS?

GRRRR YOU FOUND ONE AND WHO YOU CALL US SONNYS?

YOU TALL PALE DUFFS ARE ALIVE MAKE FLY OF US LITTLE NUNS

YEEHAW!

IT WAS A NATURAL MISTAKE. YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE SO SHORT-TEMPERED

UGH, THERE YOU GO AGAIN! CALL ME SHORT



